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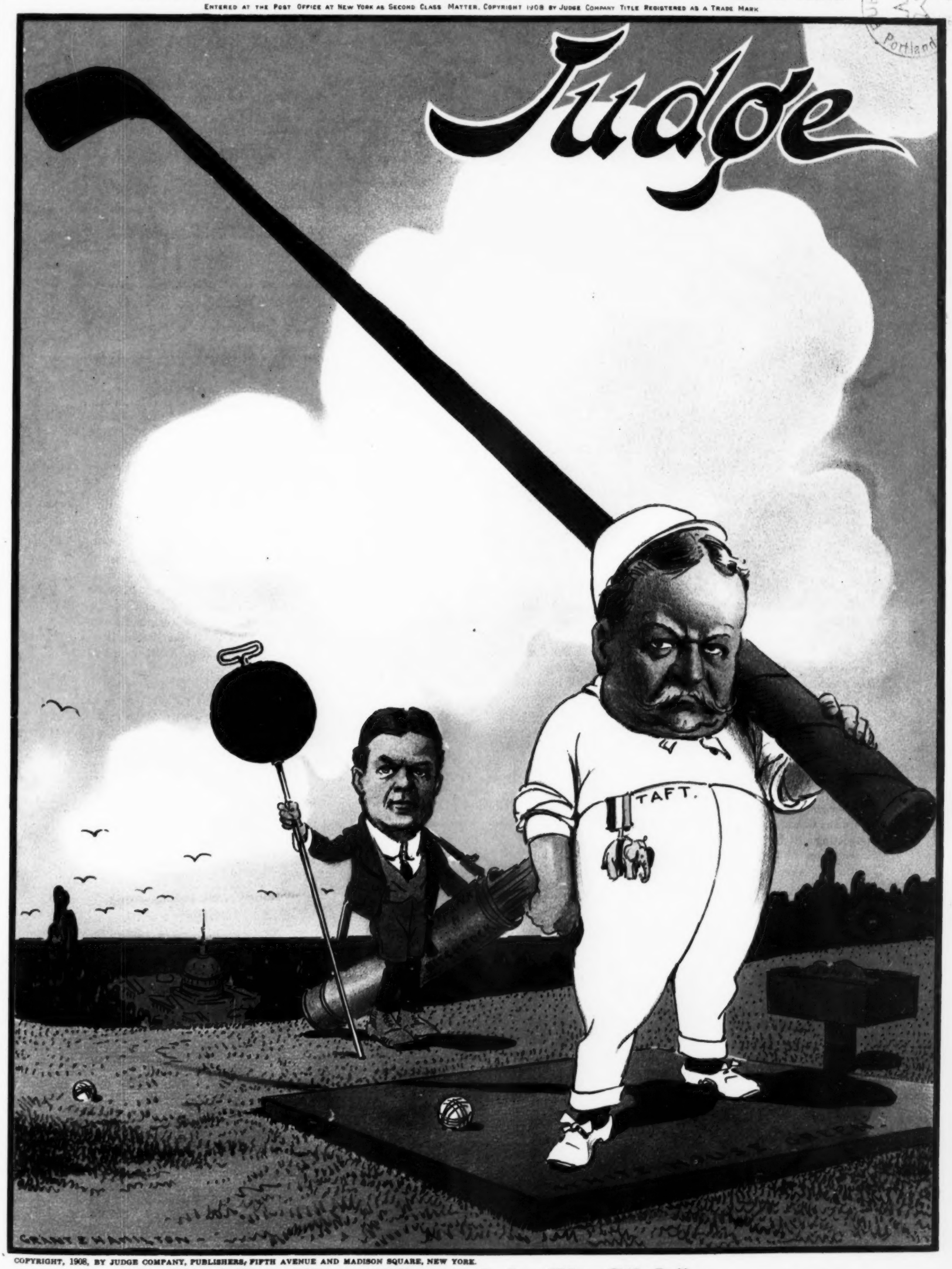

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It's "Four Years More of the Big Stick" *(But It's a Golf Stick)*

Judge

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BRIEF DECISIONS FROM THE BENCH.

HAITI is having a very exciting political campaign.

. . .

A man is known just as well by the company he avoids as by that he keeps.

. . .

It is most remarkable how many men allow their religion to be run in their wives' names.

. . .

Those who are trying to form an egg trust should remember that most States have a law against shell games.

. . .

Esperanto is to follow in the wake of Volapuk. The latest "world language" is called "Elo." What will be the next?

. . .

That the "Peerless One" will run again will be good news to the book agents, who have put on the shelf "The Life and Character of William Jennings Bryan."

. . .

According to our English contemporary, the London *Punch*, at the entrance to each of the imperial palaces in Germany there is now exhibited a neatly framed little notice that reads as follows: "No interviewers admitted."

. . .

The "Flower of Peace"—which is pictured on the opposite page—is a good one for Richmond P. Hobson to examine. He will find no powder on the petals. Even the war clouds which he has continually spread over it could not blast it.

. . .

The girl who picked a woman's pocket in New York on the day before she was married was not a hardened criminal. She was simply getting a little experience for the future, knowing that such a method is the only way to get money from a husband.

. . .

It looks as though that common catastrophe of the kitchen on Christmas Day would be enacted on a very wide scale. The "catastrophe" is, of course, that old chestnut about "the downfall of Turkey, the overthrow of Greece, and the breaking up of China."

. . .

Don't jump at conclusions. Ministers in New York, who have been complaining that the marriage-license law recently passed in that State has largely reduced the number of marriages, doubtless forget that 1908 is a leap year, and that women do not like to get married during such a year, for fear the people will say, "She did the proposing."

. . .

Sunday schools all over the country are reporting the usual large increase in attendance at this season of the year.

. . .

On reading the list of the proposed members of the Cuban cabinet, one should be careful not to confound it with a tobacco advertisement. Almost every name reads like the label of a cigar box.

. . .

Our esteemed contemporary, the Detroit *Free Press*, offers a very practical suggestion when it says that all eggs should be dated with the hour and day they are laid. If this were done, lots of trouble could be avoided in restaurants.

. . .

The London *News* objects to the fame that President Roosevelt is receiving from his use of the word "frazzle," and calls attention to the fact that Sir James Murray gives the following definition: "Frazle: to unravel or rend cloth. Frazlings: threads of cloth, torn or unraveled." Mr. Murray asserts that the word originally came from East Anglia. The *News* insists that President Roosevelt was in error when he said that the word came from the Southern part of the United States.

. . .

It was the boast of a great Chicago meat packer that in his stock-yards every part of the pig was utilized except the squeal. Recently a manager of one of the rural plays wanted some realistic pig squeals for his show, and he accordingly gave a contract for the required number to a phonograph dealer, who took a machine down to the stock-yards, "canned" the squeals, and turned over the records to the show manager. Those who talk about the extravagance of the present age should remember that with the by-product already mentioned, nothing now goes to waste in the pork industry.

"HELP!"

A ONE-SIDED JOKE.

HE WOKE with a start and he switched on the light,
Then glanced at the clock
And gasped with the shock;
Though out of the window he saw no daylight,
The guilty clock said 'twas a quarter to five!
He made a wild dive
From the blankets, and sped
To his dresser. His head
He bumped on the 'phone; and the things that he said,
Believe me, I think of and shudder with dread.
Around and around,
With panther-like bound,
He sought for the collar which he never found.
Stubbing his toe
Over the rocking chair, groaning his woe;
Only alive
To the fact that his train left at half after five;
Then gently awoke
His wife; and she spoke
In giggles and gurgles, "Now this *is* a joke!
And when I explain I am sure you will laugh—
That clock hasn't run for a day and a half!"

* * *

The man didn't laugh;
But he muttered instead
To his better half,
As he crept into bed,
Things not in good form in the circles of heaven—
And the clocks over town began striking
"ELEVEN!"

LOWELL OTUS REESE.

THE ROLE OF THE TRAMP.

Housekeeper—"Who are you?"

Tramp—"Madam, I am an after-dinner speaker."

TALK about your hardened criminals. Saloon keepers are always behind bars.

THE FLOWER OF PEACE

THE KANGAROO GIRL.

HER features are peachy, her eyes are bright,
Her lips are for kisses that clasp and woo,
Her neck is a carving of creamy white—
But
Why
Does
She
Walk
Like
A
Kangaroo?

Her hair is a midnight of maddening joy,
Her form is a Psyche's and swains would sue
And Cupid would capture—the wise young boy!—
Except
That
She
Walks
Like
A
Kangaroo!

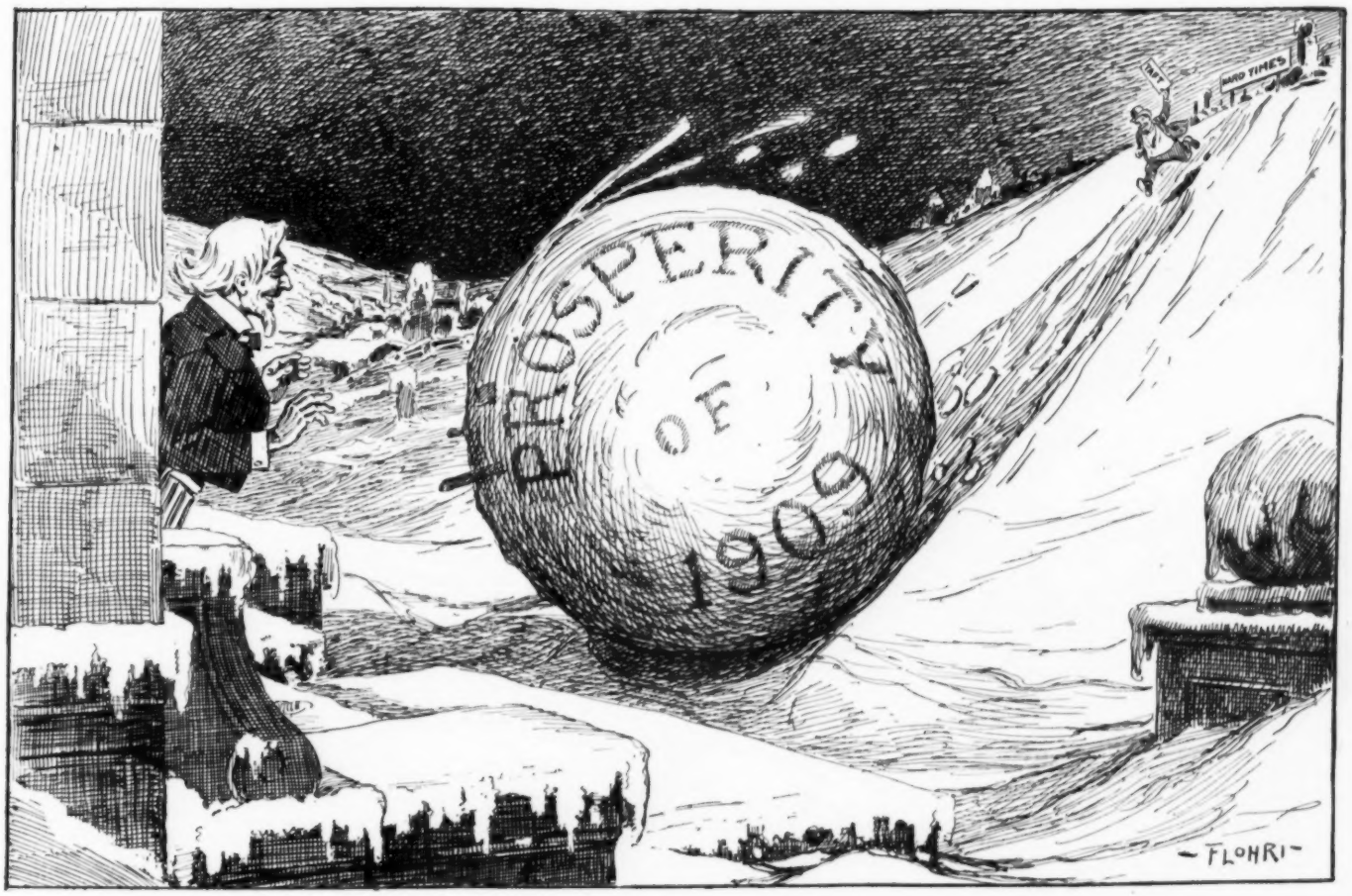
Her mother, I think, doesn't know she's out,
For mothers are wise and discreet and true;
And if they but knew what their girls are about,
Not
One
Would
Thus
Walk
Like
A
Kangaroo!

ROBERTUS LOVE.

GOD KNEW HIM.

Fond mother—"Johnny, you shouldn't quarrel with your brother. Suppose God should take him away from you?"

Future President—"Huh! God don't want him. He knows him as well as I do."



PROSPERITY BEATS BILL IN.

JUDGE'S FAVORITE.

VERA Mc CORD IN "VIA WIRELESS."

In making smiles you are so tireless,
No wonder you can send them "wireless."
So easily do they go and win
The hearts of all, both kith and kin.

A NEW FAD.

FOR quite a while the "Teddy" bears
The height of style have been,
But now I guess the "William" goats
Will come a-butting in.

THE PATIENT WAS IMPROVING.

THE FOLLOWING was told of the patient of a well-known New York physician:

The patient, an elderly gentleman, became quite ill while the doctor was absent upon a vacation, the indisposition being the result of too frequent potations. A female nurse was at once engaged to care for him in his hotel.

A lady, residing in the same hotel, became aware of his illness, and interested herself to the extent of one morning inquiring concerning his condition of the chambermaid.

"Shure, ma'am," replied Maggie, "an' I think he do be gettin' along very well. The nurse was sittin' on his lap this mornin'!"

FEMININE PHILOSOPHY.

Jones—"Why can't a woman keep a secret?"

Smith—"For one of two reasons—either it is not worth keeping or else it is too good to keep."

A NIGHT IN BROOKLYN.

"Oh, Alice! I am so glad Tommy has come on the elevated instead of through that dreadful tube."

L'ART NOUVEAU.

I WAS painted by a little chap named Jones,
In exactly thirteen minutes and a half;
And they gave me, with my loud and lurid tones,
As a chromo with a book on "How To Laugh."

The name attached was "Sunset on the Bay,"
And the sun looked like a pumpkin in the rye;
And the sky looked like a meadow full of hay,
And the sea looked like the vault of summer sky.

So the owner straightway turned me upside down;
Thus the sea became the vault of sunset sky.
Then he sold me to a dealer in the town,
Who forthwith called me "Coming thro' the Rye."

But the connoisseurs proclaimed me as too gay,
So the dealer saved the sweepings from the floor,
And with coal dust from the bin he took away
Every semblance of the youth I had before.

The name of Jones was changed to Inness Childe,
And they put me in a dingy antique frame;
Then the critics spoke of "Twilight on the Wild"
As the masterpiece that made the artist's fame.

Then a plutocrat from Pittsburgh came along,
And he bought me with my coal dust and my soot;
And the dealer put it on him rather strong,
For he got cash and two *Corots* in to boot!

How I long to speak and tell the honest truth!
Though my heart is true to Jones, I must be mute.
Oh, 'tis hard to have both innocence and youth,
Yet to be the corespondent in the suit!

S. G. TENNEY.

Grandma Lettie (to the grandson from the city)—"Hev ye seen your gran'pa 'round, Charlie?"
Charlie—"Yes'm. He 's 'round back, putting the cows into their garage."

THEIR FIRST COTTAGE

Castles in Spain

By IDA GOLDSMITH MORRIS

SHE had dreamed that some hero might woo her
(This debutante, wistful and sweet),
She had hoped some Prince Charming might sue her,
And she pictured him low at her feet.
And then love in a cottage would follow,
Afar from society's whirl,
From its shams and its mockeries hollow.
(Just the innocent dream of a girl!)

But she plighted her troth at the altar
To a millionaire, gouty and gray,
And nobody heard her voice falter,
As she promised to love and obey.
Her cheek was as pale as the lace of her veil,
While the wedding-chimes sounded love's knell,
But the jewels she wore cost ten thousand or more.
(So the world says she did very well.)

In his fancy he cherished a vision
(This gallant and debonair youth)
Of a future of rapture Elysian,
With some maiden all beauty and truth.
Through society's mazes he sought her
With a faith he deemed naught cou'd destroy,
From his heart's pure ideal he wrought her.
(Just the passionate dream of a boy!)

But he wedded a widow of fifty,
Quite a well-preserved beauty, 'tis true,
Whose first lord, by his management thrifty,
Had amassed a round million or two.
And he knelt by the side of his simpering bride,
While the wedding-chimes sounded love's knell,
But the wealth of his wife gilds his pathway through life.
(So the world says he did very well.)

PLAIN 2 B SEEN.

"Y R U so C D in your dress?"
Asked the lady of the tramp.
"Because I once drank 2 X S,"
Replied the unwashed scamp.

TEACHER'S ORDERS.

"HERE, ma!" requested the boy, hurrying in from school before time; "hang my jacket up behind the stove."

"Is it wet?"

"No; but teacher sent me home to tell you to warm my jacket for me!"

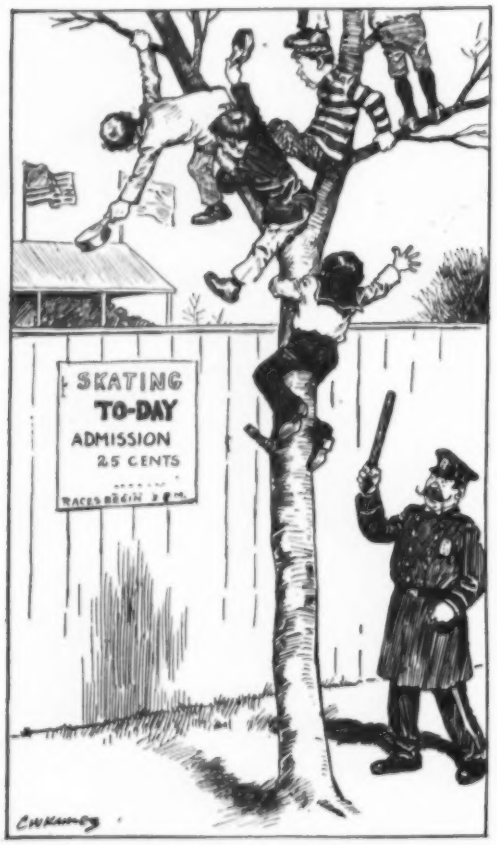
WISE WOMAN.

He—"Will you share my lot?"

She—"Yes, when you have a house on it that is paid for."

A HIT in time saves the nine, especially along toward the close of the season.

"WELL SHAKEN BEFORE TAKEN."



A RUBBER TREE.

IN THE STREET-CAR.

Conductor (to tired passenger)—"Did I get your fare?"

Passenger—"You must have got it, for the register did not ring when I handed you the nickel."

A MODERN REASON.

Back—"What would you do if elected President?"

Mryan—"I'd let the Vice-President run the country, and I'd go on the Chautauqua lecture platform. There's lots of money in it."

QUESTIONABLE.

Westend—"When a man loses money, we call him 'out of pocket,' don't we?"

Murrayhill—"Usually."

Westend—"Well, when a woman loses money, should we call her 'out of hose'?"

NEARER HOME.

Wife (putting down the magazine)—"This article says that the supply of coal will be gone in one hundred years."

Husband—"That's nothing! Ours is already gone."

COALS FOR NEWCASTLE.

Long Island farmer—"Hi, thar, ye gol darned airynot! quit yer chuckin' sand out on this farm. The land around here 's too sandy already."

THE MAN NEXT DOOR WAS RIGHT.

"SIR," requested the young man, entering with a suit on his arm, "I've brought these clothes for you to press. The man next door says you are a bird at pressing suits!"

"Well, the man next door is right," replied the suit presser; "only this isn't a tailor shop—it's a lawyer's office!"

EXPERIENCED.

Manager (who has advertised for a floor-walker)—"Have you had any experience?"

Applicant—"We have had twins in our family twice."

COOL CHEEK.

Hungry Charlie—"Yer feed 's all right, mum; but I must ax yer ter excuse me if I ax yer old man ter go next door fer the pie. She 's great on pies."

LEAP YEAR.

John Hancock Smith—"Martha, I—I'd like to ask you somethin', but I's don't know just in what words or form to put the question."

Martha Washington Jones (vivaciously)—"Don't get discouraged! We'll go straight home and I'll get the grammar and the dictionary!"

TRUE TO LIFE.

Photographer (to father)—"To have the picture more natural, you better have your son put his hand on your shoulder."

Father—"It would be more lifelike if he put his hand in my pocket."

A GOOD RECEPTACLE.

Customer—"My hair is falling out. Can you give me something to keep it in?"

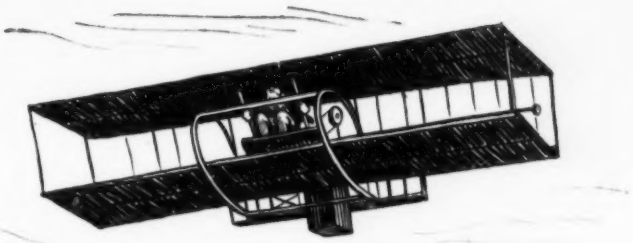
New clerk (who wants to be obliging)—"You might take this cigar box. Women often keep theirs in such boxes."

WISDOM.

Photographer—"Look pleasant, please."

Sitter—"Not on your life! I'm going to send this picture to my wife, who is away on a long visit, and I don't propose to bring her back."

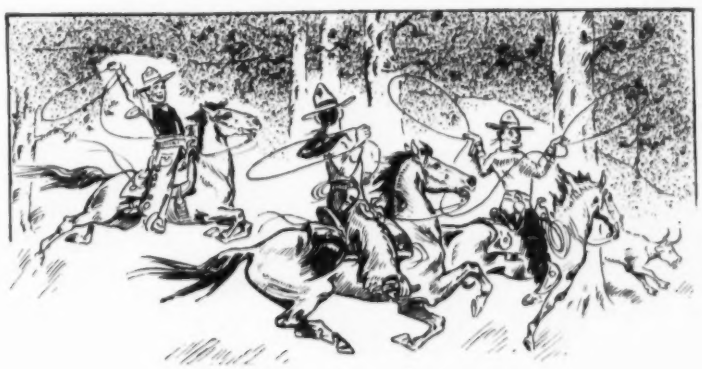
DEALING IN FUTURES.



COUNTRY ITEM—IN A FEW YEARS.

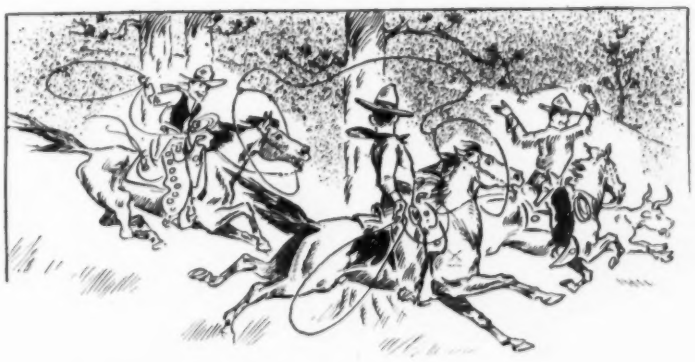
Uncle Henry Whipple was seen hereabouts this week in his new sky-cutter.—*Lonetown Weekly Sentinel.*

AT THE ROPING CONTEST.



1.

Bar X Bob—"Bet a wheel I gits him."
Flying Y Fred—"Bet a wheel I gits him."



2.

Double-loop George—"Bet a wheel neither of you gits him."

3.

Double-loop George—"I always carries an extra string for cases just like this."

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THE PORTRAIT A FRE

The tariff hog and the tariff thief are admirably described this morning by Charles Francis Adams in piquant language. Who can deny, after reading the reports of the tariff hearings in Washington, that the "hogs" are in that city pushing up to the great Protective trough, "and with all four feet in it they proceed to gobble the swill."—*New York Evening Post*, November, 1908.

FREE TRADER PAINTS

THE CHARGE OF THE DARK BRIGADE.

HOW LITTLE WILLIE TURNED THE TABLES ON THE POLICEMAN.

1.
"Dere's de cop dat gimme de run. I'll git even wid *him*.'

2.
"Come here, Choc'late; I want ye."

3.
"Turn on de current now!"

4.
"Help! dis colored man will hoit me!'

5.
"Ain't dis a peach sundae!"

6.
"Me an' de coon kin make Coney Island before dat cop gits his wind.''

IMPORTED SMILES *and* LAUGHS

USELESS EXTRAVAGANCE.

Farmer (who is going to send his boy away to a boarding-school, as he reads in the catalogue the list of clothing that each pupil should have)—"What! Two dozen handkerchiefs? The boy hasn't got twenty-four noses."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*

IMPERTINENT.

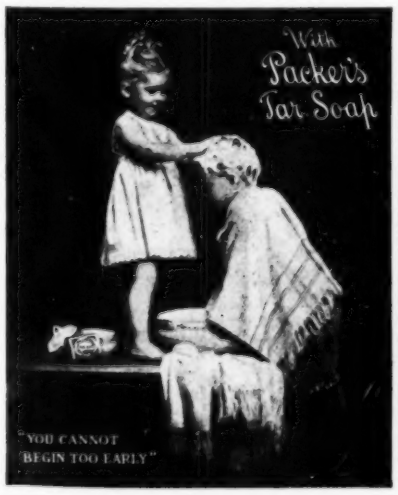
Heiress (to her military admirer)—"That Mr. Krause is very inquisitive. He asked how much my dowry amounted to."

Lieutenant—"Impertinent fellow! What did you tell him?"—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

ART VALUES.

Artist—"I would like to paint that old Rosinante of yours. How much would you charge me for two hours a day on him?"

Farmer—"One dollar, and in ten days you can keep the horse."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*



SURE OF SYMPATHY.

Newly-wed husband—"The time has come, dearest, when I shall have the painful task of acquainting your father with the fact that I am heavily in debt."

Wife—"Don't mind that. I'm sure he'll give you the sympathy of a companion in adversity."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

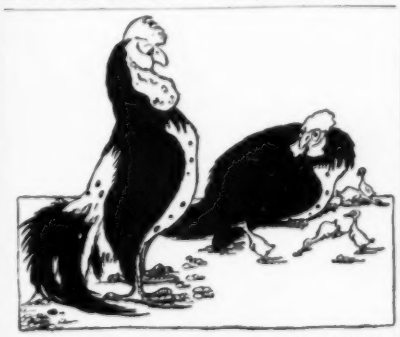
HER REWARD.

Professor (to his aged cook)—"You have now been twenty-five years in my service, Regina. As a reward for your faithfulness I have decided to name the bug I recently discovered after you."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*

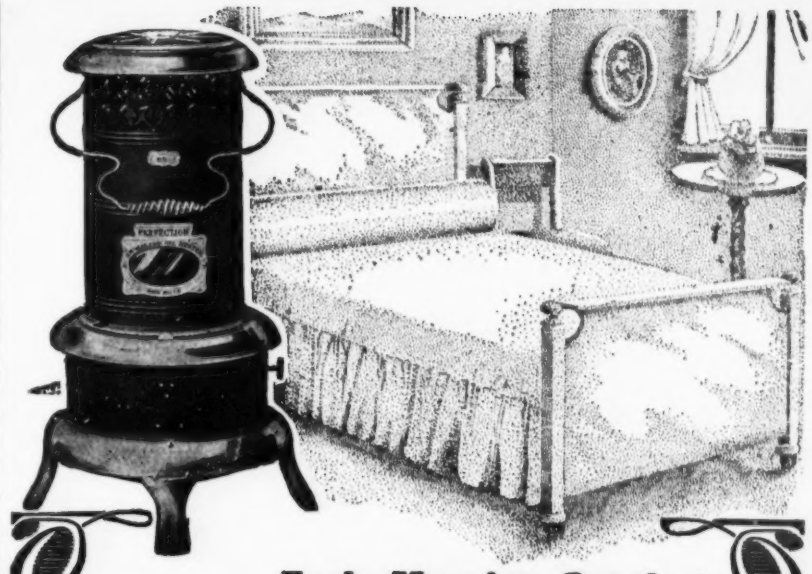
WHERE POEMS GO

Wife—"The meat stew I have made for you to-day is a poem."

Editor—"Then I suppose I must be the waste basket."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*



Rooster (to a hen with a brood of ducks just hatched)—"Faithless one, you have greatly wronged me!"—*Jugend.*



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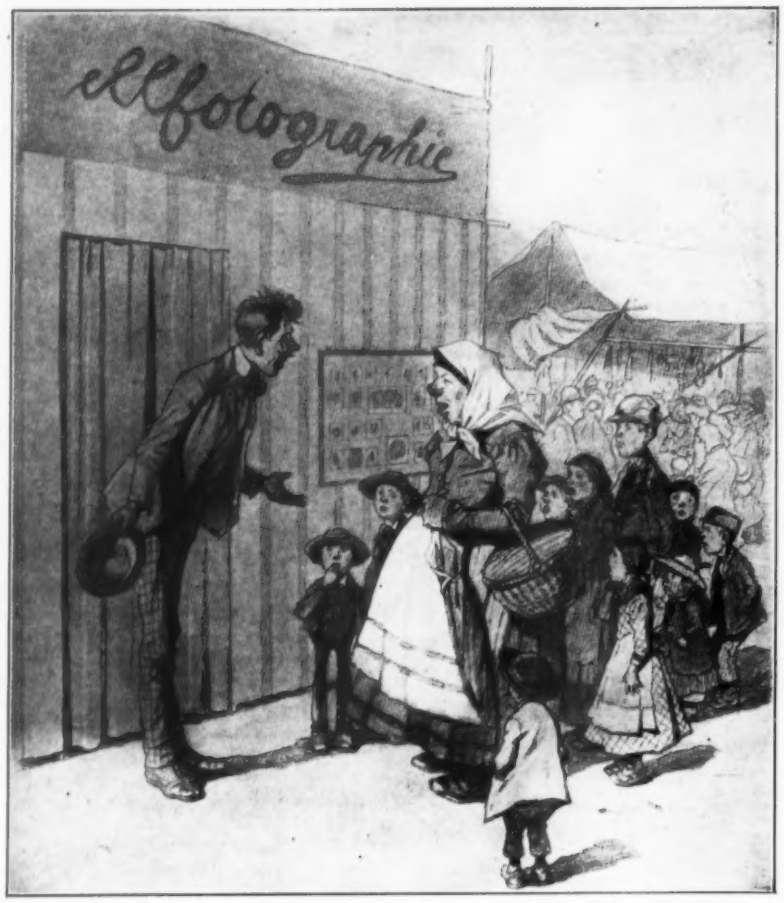

MISUNDERSTOOD.

Mother—"How much does it cost to be photographed?"
Photographer—"Seventy-five cents a dozen."
Mother—"Yes; but there are only eleven of us."
—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

ESTABLISHED 1810

Old Overholt Rye

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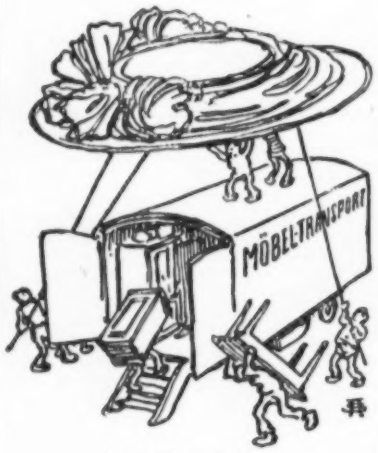

MOVING DAY.

"Everything is in the van except my wife's new hat."
—*Jugend.*

ON THE HIGHWAY.

"Since Olga received an automobile from her husband she holds her head so high that she does not see us on the street."

"That will be all right if she does not run over us."
—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

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Can be told about

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Elsie: "I heard that he said you were enough to drive a man to drink."
—*Journal Amusant.*

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Beware of counterfeits.

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FOR MEN OF BRAINS

Cortez CIGARS

—MADE AT KEY WEST—

A Pretty Christmas Gift for Sunday Schools

One of the most difficult problems for the Sunday-school superintendent is to choose the proper gift for distribution among his pupils.

Something new is always desired.

Something that the children can keep, and that will be not only amusing but instructive.

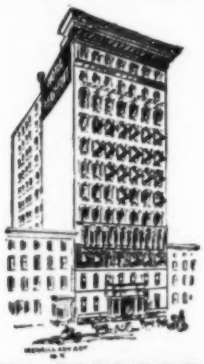
Gus Dirks, the famous artist who created a unique line of interesting, humorous studies, involving bird and insect life, contributed a large number of his drawings to *Judge*, and these have been gathered into a substantial book, handsomely printed and bound with an illuminated cover, consisting of 60 pages with illustrations and pleasing jingle rhymes on each page, the latter written by a former editor of *Judge*, R. K. Munkittrick.

The book is called "*Bugville Life for Big and Little Folk*," and is published by Judge Company, at 25 cents per copy.

A specially low price is made to Sunday schools or associations for lots of 100 or more, for distribution among the children.

A sample copy will be sent on request to any one inclosing 10 cents in coin or stamps to

JUDGE COMPANY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



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CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., 481 River St, Troy, N.Y.

PROFESSIONAL ADVICE.

"Doctor," said the convalescent, smiling weakly, "you may send in your bill any day now."

"Tut, tut!" replied the M.D., silencing his patient with a wave of his hand. "You're not strong enough yet."

JOHN JAMESON
★ ★ ★
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W. A. TAYLOR & CO.,
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CIGARETTES

"NESTOR" Green Label. 25 cts. | "IMPORTED" 40 cts. | "ROYAL NESTOR" Blue Label. 15 cts.

Traverse the globe—from land to land
You'll always find the NESTOR brand

STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE

"I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas told to me."

LAY OF AN ANCIENT ANECDOTE.

A common—but, of course, wrong—view of how stories about people grow is told by *Success* as follows:

An ancient anecdote I be! Three thousand years ago
Egyptian jokesmiths fashioned me to fit their Pharaoh.
The old Chaldeans, sportive men, amusement would evince
To see me harnessed now and then to potentate or prince.

The Middle Ages knew me well; I was considered good.
I helped make famous William Tell and also Robin Hood.
The Grub Street wits I did delight; I earned for them some pence;
And when the New World came to light I emigrated thence.

An ancient anecdote I be! I have been coupled with
The foremost men of history and half their kin and kith.
I've toiled since Humor had its dawn to feed the scribbling craft,
And now I s'pose they'll tack me on to William Howard Taft!

If you have a sluggish appetite in the morning, try half a grape fruit, adding sugar to suit the taste, and a teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters. Nothing better.

WELCOMING CHICAGO'S MAYOR.

It is certainly a good one on the mayor of Chicago that the Des Moines *Register* tells.

"The mayor, with a merry party of friends, enjoyed an auto trip across Iowa. It was fine summer weather, the country fields abounded with luxurious growth, and the well-kept, springy roads made the trip an exhilarating as well as a speedy one.

"When nearing Des Moines the mayor, wishing to make sure he was taking the right road toward the capital city, brought the chugging motor to an abrupt stop before a very respectable-appearing farm-house.

"'Halloo, there!' he shouted, observing a farmer with broad headgear energetically wielding a scythe in a hayfield off from the road.

"'Halloo-oo, there!' again shouted the city executive, gesticulating vigorously as the farmer once more paused to gaze at the caller.

"But, as before, he ignored the command and went on reaping. Somewhat put out, the mayor sent his chauffeur into the field after the obstinate reaper.

"'Don't you see that gentleman motioning to you out there?' demanded the chauffeur, pointing toward his party.

"'Yes,' was the calm reply.

"'Well, he requests that you step to the fence and tell him about the roads to the city.'

"'Tell that gentleman I'm very busy; but if he'll come into the field, I'll give him the information.'

"'Sir, do you realize who my master out there is?'

"'No. Who is he?'

"'He's the mayor of Chicago!'

"'So? Tell him he is doubly welcome in the hayfield. I'm the Governor of Iowa myself!'"

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

GO AND DO LIKEWISE.

A celebrated Wesleyan minister, who was fond of the "fragrant weed," was on one occasion quietly enjoying a smoke when an elder of the church entered his study, and, seeing him engaged with his pipe, was particularly shocked at so much self-indulgence.

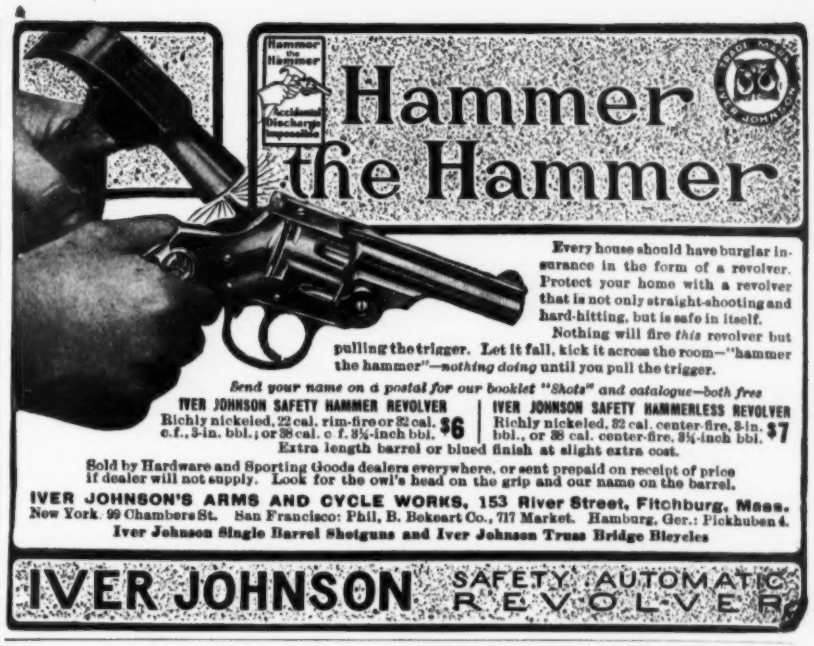
The elder lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "Ay! then you are at your idol again!"

Looking up with one of his quiet yet demure expressions, the minister replied, puffing out a cloud of smoke, "Yes; you see I am burning it!"

THE USUAL MEANING.

"What does it mean when a ten-dollar-a-week clerk sends a girl a dozen roses at 'twelve dollars per' for Christmas?"

"It usually means that he has pawned his watch."



THE MUSICAL LIGHT THAT FAILED.

1. "I know that he is a great artist. I can tell it by his hair."

2. "He is touching the keys to get an inspiration."

3. "Heavens! He is only a piano-tuner."—*Rions.*

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

PHILIP MORRIS
ORIGINAL LONDON
CIGARETTES

Are just as good today as fifty years ago.

CAMBRIDGE regular size | AMBASSADOR after-dinner size

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trained to produce new effects—skilled in selling goods by printer's ink—are at your command, day and night.

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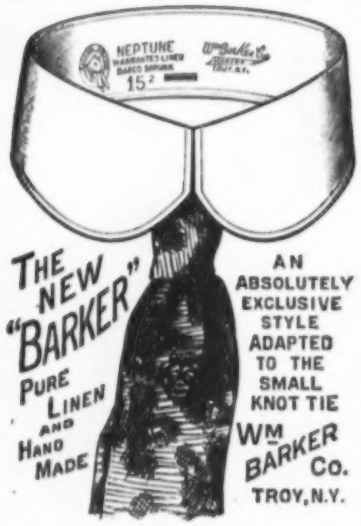


HARD LUCK.

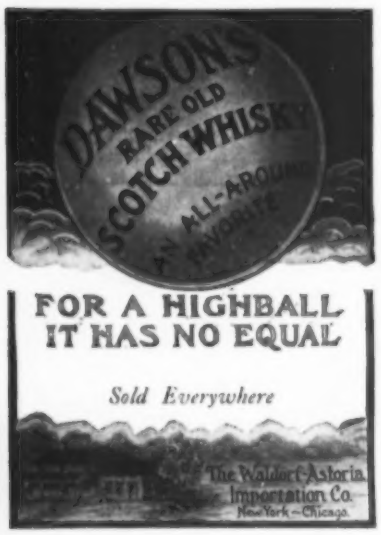
At the banquet of the St. Andrew's Society, recently held in New York City, Andrew Carnegie told the following in his toast, "The Land o' Cakes":

"Golfing one day in the autumn on the St. Andrew's links, I said to my caddie,

"'Angus, man, the leaves are falling. The green is turning red and brown. Winter will soon be upon us. And do you get much caddying to do in the winter, Angus?'

"Angus frowned gloomily.

"'Na, na,' said he, blowing his nose. 'There's nae muckle caddyin' in winter. If it's no' snaw it's frost, if it's no' frost it's snaw; if it's neither frost nor snaw it's rain, an' if it's fine it's sure to be the Sawbath.'"



STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE

(Continued)

SUSPICIOUS EVIDENCE.

At the recent meeting of the American Bar Association, the subject under discussion was suspicious evidence and how much it was worth.

"Such evidence," remarked the new president, Frederick W. Lehman, "reminds me of the following incident:

"A pretty girl in a hammock slung in an apple orchard awoke suddenly and frowned at the young man who stood before her.

"'You stole a kiss while I was asleep!' she exclaimed.

"'Well,' stammered the young man, 'you were sleeping so soundly—you looked so pretty, so tempting, I—yes, I admit I did take one little one.'

"The girl smiled scornfully.

"'One!' said she. 'Humph! I counted seven before I woke up.'"

Remove the core from half a grape fruit, add teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters, and pulverized sugar to suit taste, and you have a delightful dish.

GULLIBLE AMERICANS.

Francis Wilson, the noted comedian, apropos of certain curios whereon he believed he had been duped, said, with a light laugh,

"The collector, as he pursues his hobby, grows in knowledge. Then, reviewing his collection, he sadly finds many an instance where he has been duped.

"The one drawback to knowledge is that it reveals so many dupes and swindles to us. One summer, for instance, I was doing Switzerland.

"In the neighborhood of Geneva, where the Swiss talk French, I climbed a little peak one fine morning, and on my arrival at the chalet at the top I heard the pretty handmaiden call into the kitchen in excellent French,

"'Quick, mother, quick! Here's a tourist! Put some milk on the fire. You know they always like it warm from the cow!'"

"My good girl, take the child out!"
"That 's all right, sir. We always does it this way!"
—*Punch.*

AN APPROPRIATE NAME.

Captain Sealby, of one of the White Star line's boats, was explaining to some passengers that his company had considerable difficulty in finding names for their new ships.

"They all have to end in 'ic,' you know," the captain explained.

A voyager, who was pale and seedy, said, as he looked dismally at the rolling ocean,

"For an appropriate name, I would suggest 'Seasic.'"

Most things that are bought go to the buyer—except coal, and that goes to the cellar.

I. W. HARPER KENTUCKY WHISKEY

for Gentlemen who cherish Quality.

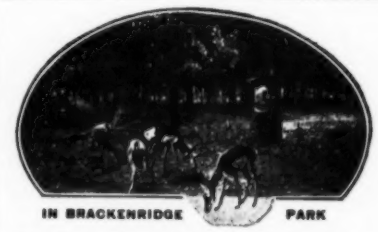
OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

A close friend of Rear-Admiral Philip C. Cooper, the chief of the Asiatic station, recently received a long letter from the admiral. Part of the communication he has shared with his friends. To quote that part of the letter:

"I recently made a little excursion into the country. After having slept over night at a certain inn, I asked for my bill. As soon as it was handed to me, I took out my purse to settle it. I did not bother to verify the various items. What would have been the use?

"But my readiness to pay amazed the landlord. He thought a moment, and then he said uneasily,

"'Will you let me have another look at that bill, sir? I think I have omitted something.'"



The Public Parks of San Antonio

surpass, in number and acreage, those of any city of similar size in the world. Something of the old Spanish love of fountains, rare foliage and flowers is expressed in these parks and in the garden squares, places and private grounds throughout the city.

But it is the climate that is by far the most attractive feature of San Antonio. Cloudless skies; dry, invigorating air, altitude and splendid natural drainage all combine to make a climate as nearly perfect as can be.

Most of each day in the winter months can be spent outdoors in healthful recreation.

"In Sunny San Antonio"—a beautiful illustrated booklet about this city of a thousand delightful surprises will give you a new idea of San Antonio's attractiveness. Send for it to-day—it's free.

W. S. ST. GEORGE
Gen'l Pass. Agt. M. K. & T. Ry.
920 Wainwright Bldg.
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Special Winter Fares *now* to *Texas*. Ask any agent for particulars.

STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE

(Continued)

FEATHERS DIDN'T AGREE WITH HIM.

In the old days of early Methodism in central New York, there was no more familiar figure than the Rev. W. H. Oldman. As a presiding elder, it was his duty to visit the different Methodist churches in his district. Probably no man enjoyed eating more than he. After his day's work was done, he always took a light repast before retiring for the night. One who knew him well tells the following amusing experience:

"Sunday evening, after the work and worship of the day were done, and we were about ready to retire, our hostess proposed that we enjoy a little luncheon. I was not in the habit of such indulgence, but Brother Oldman said if it was convenient he would have some bread and milk. As the lady turned to go for it, he remarked, in an attempt to be facetious, 'You needn't mind, sister, about taking the cream off.'

"She, perhaps a trifle nettled at his remark, brought him a bowl of full cream.

"I wondered, as I watched him devour the rich fluid, if it would not be heard from before morning. And it was. About the middle of the night I was awakened by groans coming from the room in which the elder was passing the night.

"It was unmistakably the distressful voice of the gormandizing elder. Our host told me later that he found Brother Oldman sitting up in bed, holding on to his overloaded stomach. But suffering nature took care of the case, and the elder and the food parted company.

"'Your bread and cream was rather too much for ye, I reckon,' said the host.

"'Oh, no!' returned the discomforted epicurean, in an attempt to turn the laugh. 'That's not it. It never did agree with me to sleep on feathers!'"

NOT QUITE SO CHESTY.

Frank S. Black, ex-Governor of New York, was talking the other day of how young men were apt to take too serious a view of their importance. Later in life, however, they generally took the proper view-point. By way of illustration he told the story of the congressman who returned, after a term at Washington in which the latter had not put through all the bills he had promised his constituents, to his old home and went to his tailor's for a new suit of clothes:

"'Let me see, sir,' said the tailor; 'you haven't been in for two or three years. Perhaps I had better re-measure you.'

"'All right,' said the fat man. 'You'll find no change in my figure, though.'

"The tailor got to work with his tape. The measurements were called out and jotted down. The fat man said at the end,

"'Well, the measurements are about the same as they used to be, eh?'

"'Yes, sir; about the same,' was the reply. 'Chest a trifle lower down, that's all, sir.'"

SILENCING ECHOES.

Emerson Hough, the author of "The Way of a Man" and several other popular novels, is very fond of outdoor life. It takes a good man to beat him when it comes to telling a story around the camp fire at night. While camping out in the Adirondacks with a party of his friends, the conversation turned on echoes and how plainly they could be heard. Echoes were getting "louder and louder," until silenced by the following statement by Mr. Hough:

"Out in the Rocky Mountains it takes eight hours to hear the echo of your voice. When I camp out there, and just before I pull the blankets around me for the night, I shout out, 'Time to get up!' and—do you believe it?—the echo wakes me next morning!"

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UNREQUITED LOVE

By F. Y. Cory.

Photogelatine in sepia, 8 x 11.
Twenty-five cents

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"YOURS TRULY"

By James Montgomery Flagg.

Photogravure in blue-black, 15 x 19½
One dollar

Copyright, 1906, by Judge Co

WITH THIS RING I THEE WED

By James Montgomery Flagg.

Photogravure in black, 14 x 19.
One dollar.

Office of

SANTA CLAUS & CO.

To the American People:

This is to certify that my Picture Department for the Holiday Season of 1908 will be at the Judge Company, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City. They have prepared a beautiful illustrated catalogue of the prints best suited for Christmas gifts and will send the same upon receipt of eight cents in stamps.

I might also say that they have for sale a number of the original drawings and paintings from which these prints were made. These are much larger than their reproductions and make an adornment for any home. You will be surprised at the prices, which range from one to twenty-five dollars. Write for them.

With all the compliments of the season.

SANTA CLAUS.

P. S.—I also want to say that a year's subscription to JUDGE or LESLIE'S WEEKLY is a weekly reminder of the giver, and makes an ideal Christmas gift—both are published by the Judge Company.

JUDGE COMPANY 225 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

A CLOSE SHAVE.

David Warfield, the actor, was describing his European trip. "The best thing I saw was the Milan cathedral," he said. "The worst was the English barber. The English barber uses a dull razor. He lathers your nostrils and your lips. He brushes your hair with a revolving brush that runs by machinery.

"I'll never forget my first experience of a London barber shop. It was a dim, stuffy room. I sat in a straight-backed chair. The barber, though his razor was dull, cut me three times.

"'Will you have a close shave, sir?' he asked, after going over my face once.

"I wiped a few ruddy drops from my chin.

"'If I get out of this chair alive,' I said severely, 'I shall certainly consider it such.'"

A microbe is a small animal which bites everybody but a Christian Scientist.

"MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS."

Congressman Fairchild, who is also president of the Bundy Time Recording Company, was speaking recently of the importance of paying strict attention to one's own business. He illustrated his point by the following conversation between two business men:

"I have made it a rule not to meddle with other people's business," said one.

"That's right—perfectly right," was the reply.

"But I see you have a new confidential clerk."

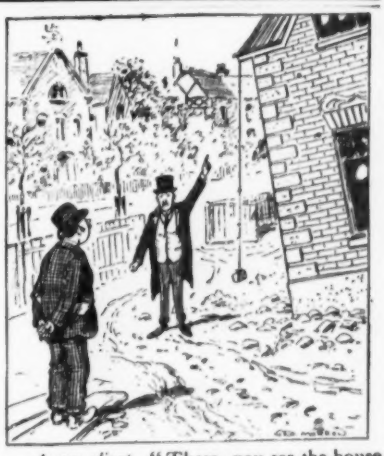
"Yes, sir—yes."

"He's a hard-looking case; I have seen him intoxicated a dozen times, and I wouldn't trust him out of my sight with a sixpence. Took him out of charity, eh?"

"Not altogether."

"How then?"

"Well, you know. He happens to be my eldest son."



Angry client—"There, you see the house is distinctly leaning. I've fixed this up to convince you."

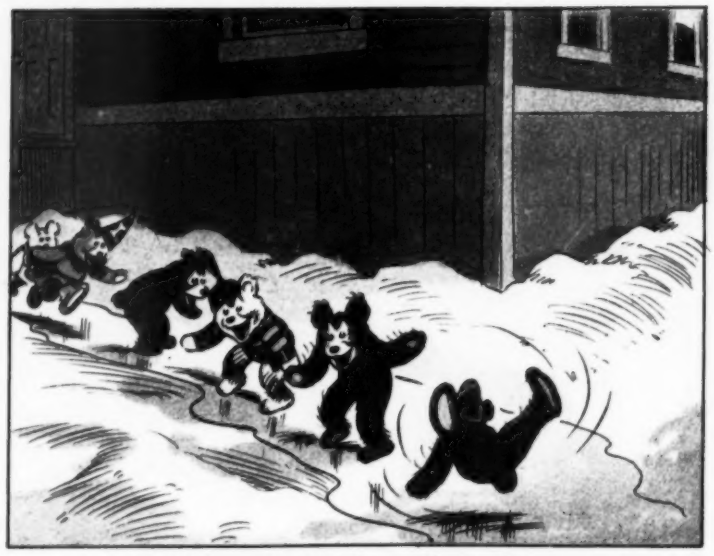
Builder—"It looks an old plumb-line Have you had it tested lately?"

Judge

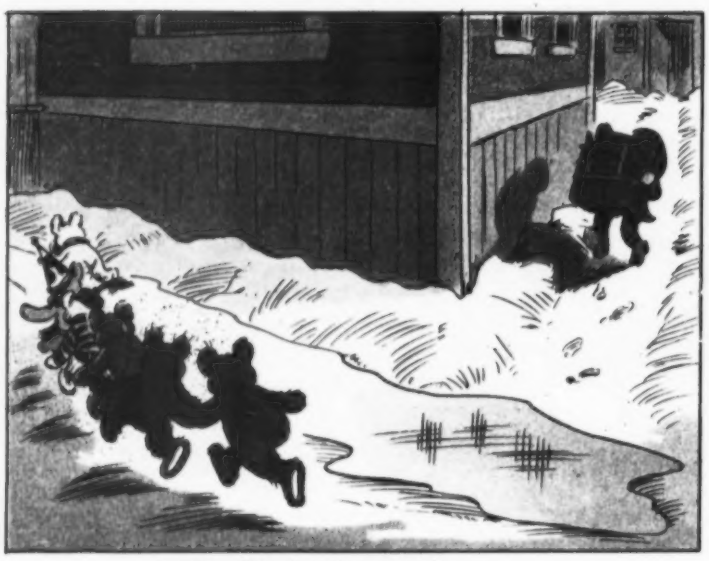
LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TEDDY BEARS.

THE NAUGHTY TEDDIES ON THE ICE SHOW A BEHAVIOR FAR FROM NICE!

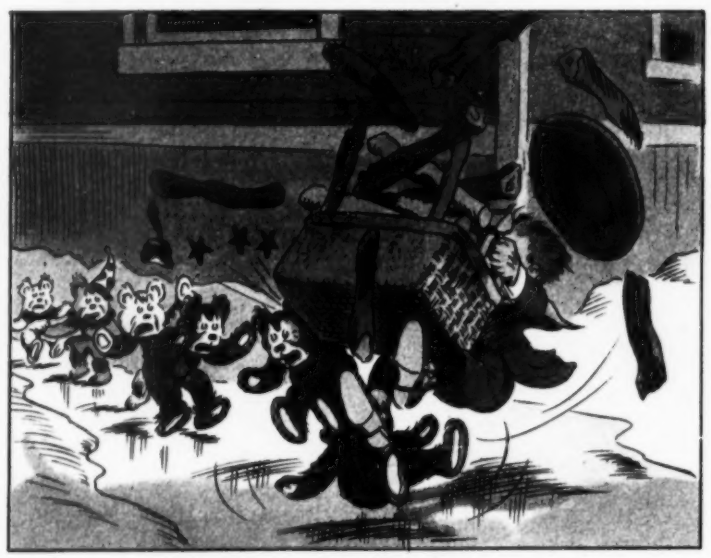
1. One day, in cold December weather,
The naughty Teddies got together
And planned to have some sliding nice
Upon a home-made pond of ice.



2. With growl and giggle, squeal and splutter
They poured some water in the gutter,
And in a trice the water froze
And number one fell on his nose.

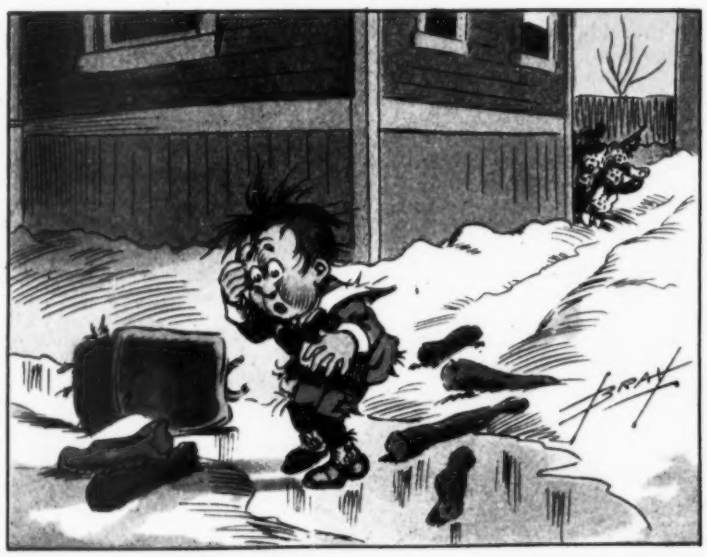


3. They slide about in greatest joy,
Nor do they notice Johnny-boy
Who comes up slowly with the wood,
For 'tis his day for being good.



4. The Teds run off to slide once more
And Johnny strikes the slippery shore;
The Teds returning on their slide,
With basket, wood and boy collide.

5. Poor John! the basket 's on his head—
He thinks that something 's struck him dead.
The naughty bears at once desert,
Nor stop to see if he is hurt.



6. Hiding behind a handy corner,
They watch the miserable mourner.
His basket 's broke, his wood is scattered,
And he himself is bruised and battered.

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The First Series of the adventures of "Little Johnny and the Teddy Bears" is now ready in handsome book form. Price, 60 cents. For sale by book dealers everywhere, or sent postpaid upon receipt of price by Judge Company, Fifth Avenue and Madison Square, New York.